Spirit of the Age.

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Choice Literature.

[From Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

THE TWO HOMES.

A Story for Mothers.

"Mother," said a girl of ten years, "I have done all the work you gave me—now may Willie and I go to Mr. Gray's?"

"I *do* wish you would keep out the way, and stop teasing," replied the mother, as she gave her daughter a push which sent her reeling against a chair.

"Why, mamma," said Willie—a bright, sturdy little fellow of five years—who had been busily engaged for the last hour, trying to make a wooden knife for his sister—"Why mamma, you promised we might go to-day, and if you don't let us, it will be telling a wrong story."

"Well *do go along*—stay an hour, and I hope I shall have some peace while you are gone."

"Hurrah," said Willie, jumping up.—"Where's my cap? Mamma, I can't reach it."

"I'll warrant it—always *something* to hinder me; here take your cap and go;" and with the same impatient step and frowning brow which had been seen all that day, she passed again to her work.

But let us follow the children as they leave the house. Sarah walks along with a sad and tearful face—her's is a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the harsh reproof so often given is sure to cast a shadow on her heart—and as Willie glances up into her face, rebellious thoughts arise, and his eyes flash indignantly as he says, in a comforting tone, "I wouldn't feel bad if mamma does scold. I shall be a big man pretty soon, and then I'll talk right back to her, just as she does to us; and when I get rich enough I'm *going to buy a horse and carriage*, and you and pa may ride with me, but mamma shan't, cause she aint good.—Maybe she'll grow old sometime, and come to live with me, just as grandma does to our house, and then if she talks so to us, I'll just shut her up in the dark, wouldn't you?"

Little does that mother think she is sowing seed in the young hearts which shall spring up and yield a "hundred fold" of *bitterness and sorrow.*

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Ten years have fled—let us again visit that dwelling. Where is now the gentle Sarah, whom every one thought so sweet tempered. She is there, but how changed. In *former* years the angry reproof would only cause a flood of tears, but as day after day, year after year, the harsh words fell upon her ear, angry feelings began to surge up, until her very nature became changed, and she had learned at last to throw back the bitter retort. *Sadly* darkened must be the soul of that mother who thus wounds and crushes the heart of the sensitive, until hatred takes the place of love, and the Evil Genius presides where once heavenly angels loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little Willie.—Where can our pet have flown! "In days of yore" his laughing eyes and sunny smile were always the first to greet us; now we list in vain for his coming footstep. He is a wanderer—exiled by his mother's frowns and irritableness from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess! Are they harsh and vituperative? Are those tender blossoms entrusted to your care made to feel they are only a trouble and a burden? Then murmur not, if, when the frosts of age have whitened your locks—when your steps are slow and feeble; and all the helplessness of a second childhood are upon you—you are treated in like manner. Unloved—unhonored it may be—you will go down in sorrow to your grave.

But let us turn, kind reader, to a pleasanter scene. Go with me to the house of Mr. C——. The mother, a pleasant looking lady, is busily engaged with her morning duties. Hardly have we entered ere the sound of little feet is heard, and Charlie rushes in. "Mamma," said he, "George Lane has just the prettiest new sled that I ever saw—it is painted all over, and his name is in large letters on the side, and he wants I should go home with him and ride on it—may I go?"

"Yes, my son," is the pleasant reply, "if you will be back in half an hour—I shall want you then to do an errand for me.—Here, let me tie your scarf around your neck—be a good boy and play pleasantly with George," and imprinting a kiss upon his rosy lips, she turns again to her work.

But where is little Allie—the pet of the household? The mother remembers that she has not seen her for some time. "The little rogue is in some mischief, I presume, else she would not be so quiet; I must find her." After looking in various places she softly opens the parlor door, and there sits her "little one," with pussy by her side, and in her hand a beautiful steel engraving which she had torn from one of the books which adorned the centre table. We watch with interest to note the effect upon the mother. Shall we see her face flush with anger? Will she pass along with hasty steps—seize the engraving—box the ears of the child—(unconscious of the wrong though she be) saying she never *did* see such a "young one," always doing *something* she ought not to do?

Very *many* mothers would have pursued such a course, but not so with Mrs. C——. She stops at the door to listen, while Allie talks on, all unconscious of the presence of another. "Kitty, ain't you glad that we came in the parlor this morning, cause Allie's found a nice picture for you to look at? Now, if you will keep still, I'll tell you all about it. There's a little girl just like me, only she aint quite so big, and her name is Allie, too. So there's two Allie's here! You don't know, Kitty, what that little girl is holding, but I do, cause papa told me: it's a rabbit; but I'd rather have a kitty than a rabbit; should not you, Kitty?"

"Why, Allie," said her mother, advancing and speaking in a kindly tone, 'didn't you know it was very naughty to tear papa's book? How sorry he will feel to hear what his little girl has been doing." "Allie won't do so no more—not a bit," replied the child, with a quivering lip.—"Well, we will go out and see if we cannot find something better for Allie to do, than tear papa's book. Can you bring some wood for mamma?" "Yes," is the quick reply, and away she bounds, her eyes sparkling at the thought of really doing something to help mamma.

How it cheers the heart to enter a household where *love* reigns and *kind words only* are spoken. Children living under such influences will grow up good and noble, for the heart will expand and its nobler qualities develop under the genial influence of *kind actions* and *kind words*. Mother! the echoes of your kind voice may linger long years in the hearts of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, seeming like angel music, winning them to the love of God and heaven? If so, then will you be rewarded with a golden harvest. And should the kind Father—when "many years" have wrought their changes, and the eyes grow dim with watching the advent of a glorious hereafter—allow you to gaze upon the household of your natural children, they will surely call you "blessed."

GOOD FOR THE GIRLS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"What *shall* I do with my girls?" asked one merchant prince of another, as, side by side, they rode down town in the cars. "They are so fragile and delicate that I am in a perpetual state of anxiety about them. I have already lost my two eldest daughters. They don't look as though one of them could live to see her twentieth year; do you know what I can do to save the others?"

"I can tell you what I think would make sound and healthy girls of them; but what would be the use? you would never take my advice, which would be to send them all into the country to live," returned his companion.

"What do you mean, man? Do they not all go regularly to the country every year? Saratoga, Newport, and other pleasant country place or sea-beach, far and near, have done all that they could for my family; but I must say that is not much in the way of benefit."

"Probably not. I should think it very strange if they had; you do not understand what I mean by the country. Don't you call my girls healthy?"

"Indeed I do; and the most sprightly, handsome creatures that I see anywhere.—I'd give half my fortune to see my children with such rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and to have them enjoy such a flow of spirits as your girls possess. What is your magic, Armstrong? What do you do to your daughters?"

"Why, every June I turn them out to grass. I send them out into the *real* country—the farming region. I have them ride on horse back, and go boating, and work out of doors as much as ever they will. In short, I encourage them to be the greatest romps that they can be. My two eldest girls can *manage a farm* now as well as half the farmers. They are none of them afraid of helping hay, or plant, or harvest. Of course, they would not particularly enjoy being obliged to do such things, but it is for their health and amusement, they heartily relish the fun."

"Why, Armstrong, my wife would think me perfectly insane to mention such a thing, and my daughters would consider me a hard-hearted tyrant to send them away to such a fate."

If you would like to have them sent out of the city next month, I will tell my girls to manage the matter with yours. Girls, you know, can do almost anything with each other. What say, shall the thing be done?

"I should be very much gratified if it could be pleasantly brought about," returned Mr. Ashton, delighted at the idea. The cars at the Park, and the gentlemen hasted, each his separate way, to business. But the morning's conversation was not forgotten.

Mr. Ashton did not mention a word at home of the subject of his wishes. Poor man! he knew it would be the surest way to defeat the proposed plan. But the very next evening his daughters were visited by their friends the daughters of Mr. Armstrong; and before that evening was over the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Ashton was gained that their girls should accompany their young friends to the country "to stay all summer if you choose," said the mother, "but I shall expect to see you back in a week."

A merry traveling party the seven girls made; a pleasant journey was theirs to the place of farms. Agnes and Sarah Armstrong took Ada Ashton with them, while Grace and Carrie Ashton boarded together. They were made cheerfully welcome by the honest farmers, and eat with keen relish of the good supper provided for them.—The Ashton girls owned that they had not felt so hungry for a year.

"We will put a different color on those pale cheeks, my little dears," said the pleasant Mrs. Stone, the wife of the farmer where Julia and Carrie were to board.—The girls fell in love with Mrs. Stone at first sight. She had the sweetest, most genial face in the world, and her voice was as pleasant as her countenance. Ah, she was a charming and admirable woman.—No wonder the girls loved her as soon as they saw her.

"I am sure you are very good, ma'am; and we shall be happier here than ever we were in all our lives. I feel at home already," said Julia Ashton, impulsively.

As the travelers were weary they retired early to their rooms. Sweet, white-washed rooms, fragrant with flowers and clean odors. The snowy beds invited them, and soon they were lost in dreams. Meanwhile the other members of the party were equally pleased with their reception and accommodations.

"How many girls want to see splendid sunrise?" cried the next morning the voice of a man, standing at the foot of the stairs.

"It is Mr. Stone," cried Grace, leaping at the same moment from dreamland and from bed. "Jump into anything, girls, and hurry down. We will carry a towel and wash at the brook."

"Wait! we are all coming," called Florence, opening the door a little.

"Well! hurry, for I can't wait long."

In three minutes the troop was at Mr. Stone's heels, and away they went afield; the four girls hastened like young ducks to the fresh, running water, and happy and rosy they looked when they stood by the farmer's side.

He gazed admiringly at them, smiled and said—

"You are pretty creatures—all of you. God bless you!"

The sun rose in all his majesty, and after seeing him safely above the horizon, and then taking a good scamper across the fields, the girls returned, hungry as bears, to the house. Mr. Stone was there before them, and the table was spread with an inviting breakfast. After doing justice to Mrs. Stone's bounteous fare, the girls ran to feed the poultry, and hunt for the eggs. This was new work for the Ashton girls, but it delighted them greatly. They were joined by the other members of their party, and had a regular jumping match in the barn. Then they all went into the kitchen, and picked over dried fruit and greens for dinner. After the Ashtons were so tired out that they were glad to go to bed. But every day they grew hungrier and stronger, and wilder also; and before they had been a month in the country they were, as Ada said, "good as new."

Rainy days they spent in writing to their parents, or in helping the farmers' wives make rag carpets or mats. Time never hung heavy on their hands. There were plenty of books, magazines, and papers to read; and then the boys (who were nearly men) were always ready for story-telling and riddles. Those boys were fine fellows, and very agreeable companions, but it is not worth while to say much about *that*. There was a "boy" at college—Mr. Edward Stone, strangers called him, but they all called him "Ed," at home. He was at home a week, and the girls were not sorry, but it isn't worth while to say much about that, either.

Miller was the name of the family where the other three girls boarded. There were several "boys" there too.

* * * * *

"Well, Armstrong," said Mr. Ashton to his friend, on finding himself again seated beside him in a down town car, "my young ones are so in love with the country that I can't get them home. Carrie actually pleads for permission to *live* with good Mrs. Stone, whom she calls the best woman in the world, and better than her own mother. Your rustic friend must be a remarkable woman, hey?"

"She is, Ashton. A more agreeable person it would be hard to find. All my girls love her very much. What is your haste to recall your family? 'Tis sickly here yet. Let them remain until October."

"Oh, I can't get along any longer without them; the house is like a tomb and I must have them back next week."

But the girls, accustomed to have their own way, flatly refused to come unless their parents both went for them. "We want you to knw these best of people, especially Mrs. Stone," they wrote; "and we want you to get at least one good long smell of the delicious air of this place."

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton complied with the desire of their children, and one day, at sunset they stood at the gate of farmer Stone's commodious house."

Who were the rosy girls that sprang to meet them? surely not their thin, delicate daughters?

"Oh! father, oh! mother—we are so glad! Come in! come in! Mrs. Stone! Mrs. Stone! here are father and mother!" cried the girls, and then Grace and Julia rushed into the porch, and instantly returned, dragging in the blushing and flattered looking lady of the house.

She had never appeared more charming in her life than she did then, with his children clinging about her and contending with each other who should say most in her praise. So thought Mr. Ashton, as he looked upon "Mary," his sweetheart of the olden time, and knew her at the first glance.

"And is it so?" he said, as he took her plump hand, and pressed it warmly. Mary understood him, but no one else did.

All the girls were there, and there was no hearing one's own ears. Presently Mrs. Stone cleared them all out, to allow Mr. and Mrs. Ashton to take their supper in peace.

"My girls are all recreated; and I am sure they owe much of their fine condition of health and spirits to your motherly care. My dear Mrs. Stone, how shall we ever thank you?"

"By sending them to me every Summer," was the smiling reply.

A pleasant visit soon passed, and then the Ashtons all took leave of their dear friends, and returned to the city.

"We shall all be back next Summer," cried Carrie, waving her handkerchief to her "beloved foster-mother," as she called Mrs. Stone. In saying so she tried to find comfort for the present parting.

"We shall all be back next Summer," said all the girls; and Ada and Julia kept their word, but Carrie forgot her promise.

The next Summer came, and Carrie's two sisters went again to the country; but they left poor Carrie sleeping, cold and white, in their family tomb. She had not been in the city three weeks ere a fever laid her low, and in a week more she was dead; and they laid her by the side of her sleeping sisters.

Mrs. Stone wept when she greeted Ada and Julia. Her dearest pet was not there.

Summer after Summer the two sisters came to reside, during several months, with Mrs. Stone; and at last Ada returned to the city no more, except as a visitor, for one of those "boys" had prevailed on her to remain and take upon herself the care of him. Julia settled in the city, near her parents, but she, too, *petrified*, that is, turned to "Stone," by means of the "boy" that went to College.

The Three Maxims.

I shall never forget the interesting history which a soldier of the Empire related to me:

"An old soldier, about to quit his regiment, went to bid his Captain adieu."

"Well, my brave," said the Captain to him, "you are going to leave us; you are about to change the life of a soldier for that of the citizen. As this career will be new to you, my esteem and friendship, which are due to your good conduct, induce me to offer you some advice before you depart; and if you will submit to my conditions, into the motives of which you are not now to inquire, you shall have no cause to repent my advice. How much money have you?"

"I have only three louis d'or (nearly fifteen dollars) Captain, and some francs to pay my expenses."

"Very well, give me the louis d'or, and I will give you three counsels."

"The state of my finances render the counsels is more precious than gold, and to prove my confidence in you, I consent."

Saying this, the soldier handed his three louisd'or, all his fortune, to the Captain.

"My friend," said the Captain, "remember well, and put into practice these three maxims:

MAKE YOUR ROAD STRAIGHT;
NEVER MEDDLE WITH THE BUSINESS OF OTHERS;
REMIT TILL TO-MORROW YOUR ANGER.

Now await me here a few moments."

During the Captain's absence, the old soldier remained pensive, repeating to himself, "*make your path straight; never meddle with the business of others; remit till to-morrow your anger.* Verv wise, assuredly! well worth three louis d'or; but yet it is a great pity they were all my fortune!"

Some minutes after, the Captain returned, and giving his friend a little roll, exacted a promise from him, that he would not open it till the moment of his greatest happiness. Then shaking hands, and pressing the soldier to his breast, with a friendship characteristic of the French, this old companion-in-arms bid him adieu.

The soldier b gan his journey. Having joined a traveling companion, they arrived at a place where the road separated into two branches, both of which however, met at the same point; one, apparently the more easy, turned to the right, whilst the other, a little inclining to one side, was a continuation of the main road. They were deliberating which route to take, when the soldier, remembering the maxim, at once concluded, saying:

"I am going to make my road straight."

"And I," said his companion, "prefer the most easy route."

But it happened that this easy route traversed some dangerous forests, and, the next day, the soldier learned that his travelling companion had been assassinated.—I assure you that he now appreciated the maxim which had led him to choose the safe road, and he no longer regretted his three louis d'or; but thanked, in the sincerity of his heart, his good Captain.

The next day he arrived at the Inn of a small village, where he was advised to pay a soldier's visit to the lord of the chateau, who took great pleasure in hospitably entertaining the soldiers who passed through the place.

He was very politely received, assured that he was welcome, and invited to the table of the lord.

But strange to tell! in the midst of the repast, a lady clothed in black, with humble step and downcast eyes, approached, and took a seat at the table; and this lady, one of the noblesse, a French-woman, drank from a human skull! The soldier did not even seem to notice it, and the conversation continued as before. He was none the less curious to learn the reason of this extraordinary conduct; but the important service which the *first* maxim had rendered him, in inducing him to select the safe road, made him practice the *second; never meddle with the business of others.*

After supper, the lady having already left her seat, the lord of the house, addressing the soldier, regarded him attentively, and said:

"My friend, you are not an ordinary man; for one of the strangest of scenes has been presented to your eyes, and you have not even appeared to remark it."

"My lord," replied the soldier, "it is one of my principles never to meddle with the affairs of another."

"Brave man," said the lord, "I see that I can put confidence in you, and that you are a man of honor; follow me, and see what your discretion has been worth!"—Then he conducted him into the castle vaults.

But, oh! horror! The pale and flickering light of the torch was reflected on all sides of this gloomy place by mouldering skeletons, which its flickering seemed to animate, and which appeared to menace the two visitors!

"My friend," resumed the lord, "the lady in black, whom you saw drinking from the human skull, is the mistress of the chateau, my wife, whom I have condemned to drink at my table from that skull of her paramour whom I slew. These are the bones of those travellers, who have been witnesses of what you have seen, but who have not had your discretion. I satisfied their curiosity, and death alone could screen me from its consequences. Your discretion has saved your life; and besides, let me beg you to accept with my esteem, this purse. You can dwell here as long as you please, or, to-morrow, if you prefer, you can continue your journey."

Conceive, if it is possible, the emotions of the old soldier! I should not be surprised, if during that night, even in his sleep, he could not have been heard repeating "*never meddle with the business of others.*"

On the morrow, he resumed his route, and the rest of his journey passed happily.

He, at last, arrived at his cottage, where all that he esteemed most dearly awaited him. His heart beat, for he had placed his foot upon the threshold of that dear home from which he had been so long absent. Without knocking, he entered; but, alas, what a reception! A young stranger, neither more nor less than a priest, was tenderly embracing his wife!

With the decision of an old soldier, he raised his musket and a ball would soon have pierced the heart of the unfortunate priest, had not a thought, traversing his mind like an electric shock, arrested his hand—*Remit till to-morrow your anger*—causing him to lower the muzzle of his gun and sadly to lower his head. His jealousy, however, was not of long duration; for the priest was his own son! Adopted in his youth by the good pastor of the village, who had attended to his studies, he had recently been ordained to the ministry, and had preceded his father to the humble home of his childhood only a few moments.

The old soldier, after an hour's absence, son, a priest then the he plus ultra in the minds of the peasantry, exclaimed: "When shall there be a moment of greater joy?—It is surely the time to open the roll." He had scarcely opened the roll, when a playful kitten, which wished to partake of the general joy, skipped after something bright which fell from the roll upon the floor—it was the three louis d'or, which the good captain had hidden there!" G. H. T.

From the Conductor.

The Result.

It seems many years ago, when I stood upon the green bank just in front of the school-house of our little village, in the beautiful valley of Virginia, but it has not been long. Scarce ten years have rolled by, since the time I speak of: but oh, what a change has occurred since then!

There was another stood there with me; he was much older than I; he had seen some of the world and engaged in its dissipations. He had just finished telling me of a "spree" he had had in Richmond, the metropolis of our beloved State, where he had resided for some time. He spoke of the drinking saloons, of the bar-rooms, of the theatre, and other places.

"How could you engage in such things?" exclaimed I, after listening to his recital.

"Oh! you see, I do not do this often, and it revives one—puts some life into him—to get on a jolly like that every once in a while."

"But, if Mary was to find out that you had done it once, would she not fear the result?"

"She would know that it was but *one* of our jollies that all young men *will* have, and would say nothing about it; and, besides, there is no fear of any evil result."

"There is great fear, Charley; and if she but knew of it, it would make her fear—make her look forward, because she has felt the evil before."

"Well, say nothing about it this time, and I will promise never to indulge to excess again."

I had forgotten in the commencement of my story, to tell that Charley H—— was at the time betrothed to one of the loveliest women of our village—not beautiful in face and form was she, but beautiful—lovely in her manners, actions, words. She delighted to be engaged in alleviating the pain of the suffering, of cooling the heated brow of the fever-tossed victim, of visiting the poor, and speaking words of encouragement to the suffering. Such was the woman whose love he had won by his noble bearing and frank manners. He had then come to bear her away as his bride; and God knows we prayed that their lives might be happy ones. But, after learning his history from his own lips, I feared that they would not be so happy as they bid for, and as I took leave of him, I said—

"Remember, Charley, the result."

"No danger," he replied, as he gaily leaped into the carriage and disappeared.

* * * * * *

Some years rolled by, during which time I heard from Charley often; but then his letters grew short and far between, and at last ceased entirely, and I lost sight of him.

I often wondered what had become of him. He had left Richmond and gone, no one knew where. I heard of him as being dissipated—recklessly so. He had gone on in his downward course until it was unsafe for his employers to keep him longer, and he was discharged from their house.

Even I had almost forgotten him, when, one evening, as I was walking along the principal street of one of our Northern cities, I heard my name called; and on trying to see who it was that had thus hailed me, I saw a pale, haggard being making towards me. He came up and asked:

"Are you not——?"

I told him that was my name, when he asked again,

"Do you not remember me?"

I replied in the negative.

"Do you not remember Charley H——?"

"My God! is it possible!" I exclaimed almost involuntarily.

"It is him!' and you see how changed I am now! I am not the Charley I was then."

"But, Mary?" I asked.

"Alas! she has gone to her long home *killed!* KILLED!! KILLED!!! by me. I was her MURDERER!" and the poor man, overcome by his feelings, sank upon the ground; I had him raised up, and conveyed to a hotel; and as soon as he revived, I learned from him his whole history, from the time he left R., which was one of misery, suffering, and everything but death itself. It would be useless to recount it here, as it has been told thousands of times by others.

In two days more I, alone with the undertaker, buried the remains; and now that he is no more, perhaps his history will serve as a warning to others, and make them fear the terrible RESULT.

I have given false names here; but many in the little village of B——, in the Valley of Virginia, well know who Charley and Mary are. W. S. R.

RICHMOND, Va., July, 1859.

Ten Dollars for Initiation.

"For initiation into the Order of the Sons, I have paid two dollars each for my three sons, my son in law and myself, and have always seen to it, that the weekly dues have been kept paid in advance." So said a grey haired patriarch, whose words have shown that he had rather pay tenfold that amount, than that one of those lovely sons should ever "tarry at the wine." Although living four or five miles from the place of meeting, almost entirely dependent upon the labor of their own hands for support, yet seldom does his double-seated buggy fail to pay its weekly visits to the Division, bearing its precious freight, the father and the sons. Ever since his connection with the Order, amid sunshine and clouds, has oft rebuked the waning zeal of others better able to spare the time and make sacrifices than he.

This, reader, is the proper spirit. And what if the bosom of every father in the land were animated by it? How long, think you, before the monster vice would be banished from our borders? We all know the power of a father's influence—How perfectly natural for his boys to follow his example, and how natural for them to tread in his footsteps in the Division room, the experience of all has seen. And there are many fathers in every community, who should enrol themselves among the champions of Temperance, if for no other reason, for the sake of their precious sons.

The father may be secure from the shafts of the destroyer. His convictions of right and duty—his sense of responsibility to country and religion, and the sacred influences of the domestic circle, may shield him from temptation and chain him to sobriety. But what security has he for his sons? The father more than the son, finds his little world under his own roof. There is something in the ardor and warmth of youth, that makes it long for society, and renders them peculiary vulnerable to temptation. And it is lamentable that there is a principle of combustion in their genial nature, easily ignited and inflamed by the fires of alcohol. And no lawful reason should be left untried to guard them from those fearful consequences. How much better can it be done, than for the father to lead the way into the sober world in miniature? Thus saying by this example, "this is the way, walk ye in it."

Who can tell what a world of untold miseries a father's influence may prevent? From how many heart-aches may he save that lovely daughter he has given to another? How many days and nights enjoyment of her husband's society has he secured to her, by inducing him to spend a few moments weekly in the Division room? Nor does he simply do good by drying up the stream of sorrow which might otherwise overwhelm the soul, but he has secured positive satisfaction to many—besides himself and others.

We know that every father who has the heart of a man, feels deeply solicitous for the children God has given him. And there is no greater joy, than to see his "children walking in the truth." Where his sons are virtuous, sober, industrious and beloved, his heart leaps for joy, and he is repaid for all his sacrifices and toil. She that bears the sacred name *Mother*—enshrines such sons in her heart of hearts, and sends it gratefully, and tearfully to heaven's throne, in their behalf.

Proudly their sisters lift up their eyes as they lean upon their arms, gratefully for such as those. The country looks to such with confidence, assured that they may be relied upon in any emergency.—The Church beholds with holy hope, that when the toilsome soldier of the cross has been gathered to his reward, these shall fill their places, and carry forward the Saviour's cause. And when the heart surrenders itself to Christ

"The angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry behold he prays."

Who would not make the little sacrifices necessary to be a consistent, zealous "Son," for the sake of results like these? Especially when to be a "Son" is its own reward, even if such results should not follow. But why should it not be so? It has been so in many instances, and will be so in many more. The cause needs the wisdom and experience of mature age to temper the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. The welfare of the young demands it. And by every consideration, we would urge the fathers in our land to lead the way in this moral enterprise.—*S. C. Son of Temperance.*

Blind Girl—Power of the Bible.

A little girl had been attacked with a severe pain in the head, which ended in blindness. She was taken to an eminent oculist, who pronounced her incurable.—She wished to know what the doctor had said about her state, and her mother told her. "What, mother!" exclaimed the child, "am I never more to see the sun, nor the beautiful fields, nor you my dear mother, nor my father? Oh! how shall I bear it?" She wrung her hands, and wept bitterly. Nothing seemed to yield her the slightest comfort till her mother, taking a pocket Bible from the table, placed it in her hands. "What is this, mother?" inquired the disconsolate little girl. "It is the Bible, my child." Immediately a score of its most consolatory passages presented themselves to her mind. She paused, turned her poor, benighted eyeballs toward the ceiling, while an angelic expression played on her countenance, and then, as if filled with the holy Spirit, breathed forth in an impassioned, but scarcely audible whisper—"*Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven?*"

A LESSON ON TRUST IN GOD.—When Bulstrode Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who finding that his master could not sleep, said:

'Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?'

'Certainly.'

'Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it.'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And pray, sir, dont you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?'

'Certainly.'

'Then, sir, why should you not trust him as long as you are in it?'

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

A FRAGRANT BREATH.—The following is a good domestic receipt for a highly scented tincture to perfume the breath:

Take either white wine, such as sherry, or any alcoholic spirit, a quarter of a pint; broken cloves and grated nutmegs of each one drachm (one eighth of an ounce;) cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce; place all these dry substances into the wine, or spirits, in a half-pint bottle, and let them stand together for several days, agitating them every night and morning to accelerate the tincturation, for at least a week. Then strain off the tincture through linen to get it right. Then add about ten drops of otto of lavender, and if you can afford it, five to ten drops of otto of rose also. Although the receipt is complete without it, yet this latter substance greatly improves the formula. A few drops of this tincture put on to a lump of sugar, and masticated, will scent the breath. It may also be used with advantage on the teeth-brush, in lieu of tooth-powder, or, mixed with water, it can be used as a gurgle. Either way will procure a "breath of flowers."

ABOUT EYES.—A noted writer says that a woman with hazel eyes never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, agreeable and lovely creature. "We never knew," says an editor, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the Yankee says, "like the little end of nothing whittled to a point." The grey is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In woman it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance as in its beauty. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen almost daily at the Police office, generally with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery.

VALUE OF COTTON SEED.—A writer in De Bow's Review for July computes the amount of cotton seed and its value, when the oil expressed, as follows:

3,600,000 bales at 500 lbs. to the bale, is, 1,800,000,000 lbs. of fibre, the cotton seed of which would be 3,960,000,000 lbs. or 1,980,000 tons; 3,960,000,000 lbs. is equal to 1,980,000,000 lbs. of kernel, which will give 87,120,000 gallons of oil, and 762,800 tons of oil cake. Value 87,120,000 gallons of oil at $1 per gallon, $87,120,000; 762,300 tons of oil cake, at $25 per ton, $19,057,000. Total, $106,177,000.

Perhaps it would be well to make a note of it.

GREAT SALARY.—The Hon. Delazon Smith, ex-Senator from Oregon, has been dropped by the Legislature of that precocious State. Delazon sported the Senatorial robes just seventeen days, for which valuable services he pocketed the compensation of $10,000, of which $7,000 was for mileage.

A SWINDLE.—Henry Rivett, of North Carolina, who arrived in Philadelphia, from New York on Friday night, was followed from the city by two sharpers, was taken out to Fairmount on Saturday evening, and swindled out of $524 by the "ball and safe" game.